

The Crittenden Record.

VOLUME 2.

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KY., AUGUST 11, 1905

NUMBER 5

THE DEEPER MINING ERA

For The District Is Not Longer In Doubt

THE DEEP INVESTIGATION OF

Our True Fissure Veins Reveals A Purer And Better Grade Ore Product

THE LEAD AND ZINC MARKET

A new company was organized Tuesday at Crittenden Springs by Mr. Geo. M. Morris, a business man and capitalist from Henderson, Mr. John W. Wilson, proprietor of Crittenden Springs Hotel, and others. The capital stock will be \$100,000; shares \$100 par value, and the purpose of the corporation is to develop mineral lands in this county. The company will probably be incorporated under the laws of Arizona. The list of incorporators, so far as ascertained, are: A. Dean, John W. Wilson, W. T. Terry, George M. Morris, F. E. Robertson and T. A. Conway. The incorporators already have some very good properties, which will be turned over to the new company, on which they will probably begin work as soon as the necessary preliminaries have been arranged. It has not been announced who will superintend the work.

It has just leaked out that Capt. Haase has leased and optioned the Corn mines from Mr. Ross Givens. The mines were reopened recently and some work done, when they closed down for a short time on account of church services being held near the mines. It is said that work will be resumed on Monday, the 14th inst., and development work will be carried on rapidly during the term of option. The terms of the option have not been made public.

At the Pell mines, across the river, some very rich zinc ore has been struck. In fact, it grades so high it will be sent direct to the smelter without the necessity of milling it. The Rose property has been sold to the owners of the Pell mine at big figures, according to current reports. Mr. Lawrence Cruce, of this city, is one of the fortunate owners of these properties. He was here recently, but the RECORD correspondent failed to see him and secure verification of reports or official facts and figures concerning the strike of zinc and the purchase of the Rose mine. Mr. Joe Wagner will be general manager for the company.

The Albany Mining & Investment Company is receiving its machinery, which was recently purchased across the river near Golconda. Mr. Ratcliffe, manager for the company, is now in Golconda superintending the loading of the machinery on a barge for transportation across the river to Carrsville, from which point it will be moved to their mine by wagon.

Col. Jack Chinn, W. H. Kemler and Prof. J. E. Wright were in the district Saturday looking at some of our mining properties. It is understood that the former is extensively interested in mines in the eastern part of the state.

The Pittsburg Mining Company, it is reported, are now down about 190 feet with their shaft and are going down to the 250 foot level, before they again drift to their vein of ore. At 150 feet they developed such a fine vein of lead and spar they are anxious to continue sinking to a much greater depth and block out a large body of ore. The fluorspar taken from this mine was largely No. 1 grade and the lead was also very high percentage. This company is to be congratulated upon their fine prospects, as well as upon their determination to do considerable development work, instead of trying to market their ores rapidly at the expense of

more favorable working conditions in the future, consequent upon poor development work.

R. E. Cooper, of Hopkinsville, president of the Marion Mineral Company, it appears, after a continued absence of several weeks, has resumed his weekly visits to Marion to view the progress of the company's operations. His company owns and operates some of the best mines in the district.

Joplin, Mo., August 6.—The highest price paid for zinc ore was \$6 in advance of the highest price paid the preceding week, and was received for one bin of ore on the ground. This bin was sold for \$56, and the next highest price known to have been paid was \$55.50. There was no assay basis, the bidding being done to get the ore at any price. Very little ore was sold up to Thursday morning anywhere in the district and very little ore was sold since Thursday evening. It was one very strenuous day for the buyers, one of the oldest in the district remarking that he could not remember, even with prices at \$60 per ton, any one day in which so much business was crowded. Most of the purchasing agents had imperative shipping orders, along with the order for buying, and there was a wild scramble for cars. A few of the agents had anticipated this rush for cars, and one is reported to have had one load on each of fifteen cars at Prosperity and Cartersville and before another one arrived with his teams ready to load, only to find the cars all started. At least one bin of lead was sold at \$61.50 per ton and it is reported that this price was paid for several other bins in Webb City and Cartersville. Grades of 80 per cent lead sold generally at \$60 per ton.

The Marion Zinc Company is sinking at the Riley mine as fast as men and machinery can do the work. They are down about 190 feet, it is reported, and will continue down to 250 feet, when they will drift to their vein of ore, already developed at previous levels. The same company is also sinking at the Belt mines, being down about 90 feet, and will continue to about 150 feet, when they will drift to their vein. Mr. C. S. Knight is certainly doing some efficient work since coming to the district. It is reported that new machinery will be added to their already capacious and efficient plant, making it, perhaps, the best in the district.

Mr. J. M. Persons, manager of the Ada-Florence mines, in sinking the air-shaft on the property, cut into a rich body of lead and fluorspar, it being the same vein as that in the working shaft of this mine. Mr. Persons will soon have things in shape for a large and valuable output.

Prof. J. F. Elsom, of New Albany, Ind., who has, in connection with associates, thousands of dollars invested in mining properties in this district, writes that the Commercial Club could perform a much needed service in the interest and for the benefit of the investors in this district, by the publication of a small folder or pamphlet, describing briefly the scientific features and rules governing the deposits of lead, zinc and fluorspar of the entire field. While this work is properly within the sphere of the Geological Survey and its corps now in the field, the Commercial Club could possibly render able assistance in securing some data as to their findings for prompt publication and distribution, without waiting four, five or six more years on government reports. Prof. Elsom is enthused as to future prospects in this district, and would no doubt aid very materially in any effort to place mining operations on the highest possible plane, and insure the best results to investors and mine operators in general.

Mr. Charles R. Montgomery, formerly of this city, but now a resident of Elizabethtown, Ill., and the fortunate owner of some rich mining properties in the Illinois section, is reported to have a \$25,000 deal under way. He is looking for some New York parties down soon to close the deal.

Mr. A. H. Reed has opened up two new veins on the Senator Mining Company's properties in the Princeton district, by the sinking of two shafts to a shallow depth. One vein shows fine lead and zinc and the other a high grade of fluorspar and lead.

THE HISTORY OF A ZINC MINE

Good Reading for Mine Brokers, Practical Mine Owners and Company Promoters.

A Paducah lawyer a year or so ago was in Crittenden county, Ky. on business and in walking across a tract of land fell over zinc carbonate sticking out of the ground—which resulted in his hunting up the owner and securing a 40 year lease. On his return to Paducah he formed a company of merchants and professional men to develop it. The first amount subscribed was \$5000.00; from the start it has been mineral. In sinking two shafts, one 63 feet deep and one 45 feet deep, 400 tons of ore has been taken out and now lies on the dump—carbonate of zinc, lead and jack. Then came a difference of opinion about how to run it, and they found that mining was a business in itself.

Now to settle the partnership this great find is for sale at a price which about makes them even and in no way the real value of this bonanza—with 220 acres selected mineral rights (in fee.)

This great property has been investigated by the U. S. Gov. Geological Survey and special mention is made of it in their printed report.

Being a stockholder it is put in my hands for sale.

All questions cheerfully answered.

Commission Paid to Brokers.

GEO. C. HUGHES, Paducah, Ky.

For Sale or Exchange.

Some valuable farm, coal and timber lands in Arkansas, Texas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, South Carolina, Mississippi and Missouri. If you have property to exchange for lands in any of these sections, address

TEXAS LAND COMPANY, Care RECORD, Marion Ky.

Representative District Call.

The Republicans and all good citizens who believe in free and fair election and impartial counts of Crittenden and Livingston counties are hereby called to meet in mass convention at each county seat on Saturday at 2 o'clock, p. m., August 19, 1905, to elect delegates to district convention which meets at Salem, Kentucky, Tuesday, August 22, 1905, to nominate a candidate for the legislature to be voted for at the November election, 1905. Each county is entitled to one delegate for every one hundred votes and fraction over fifty cast for Roosevelt in 1905.

H. A. HAYNES, Ch'm. Crittenden County Republican Committee.

H. C. McCORD, Ch'm. Livingston County Republican Committee.

Senatorial District Call.

Marion, Ky., Aug. 8, 1905. The Republicans of the Fourth senatorial district of Kentucky, composed of the counties of Caldwell, Crittenden and Webster, are hereby called to meet at each county seat in mass convention at 2 o'clock Saturday, Aug. 19, 1905, for the purpose of electing delegates to the district convention, which is called and meets in Marion, Ky., Thursday, Aug. 24, 1905., to nominate a candidate for State Senator, to be voted for at the November election 1904.

Each county will be entitled to one delegate for every one hundred and fraction over fifty votes cast for Roosevelt in 1904.

FRANK N. HARRIS, Ch'm. Caldwell County Republican Committee.

H. A. HAYNES, Ch'm. Crittenden County Republican Committee.

J. C. THOMPSON, Ch'm. Webster County Republican Committee.

Panoramic Yellowstone Park.

The Northern Pacific can supply to all who have visited, contemplate visiting or are interested in Yellowstone Park, a large panoramic picture of the park. This work of art is 48 inches long by 32 inches wide, done in fifteen colors. It shows, absolutely the topography of the Park, the location of the hotels, geyser basins, canons, roads, lakes, mountains, and all features of the Park. It gives, as nothing else can, a connected idea of the region and is a valuable picture and map combined. Framed, it is ornamental as well as useful, and is specially suited to the school, class room and library.

This Panoramic Picture will be sent to any address by A. M. Cleland, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., upon receipt of 35 cents. Orders may be sent direct to A. M. Cleland or through any of the General or District Passenger Agents of the Northern Pacific in the larger cities, or through the local agents in Northern Pacific territory.

Educational Column

W. HUGH WATSON, Editor.

The young teacher's mind is rife with numberless aims she means to carry out in the first school term. But there are far more aims in the mind than will find way to the school, and it is right—right for the teacher, thrice right for pupils that many of these aims die in embryo. "Not failure, but low aim is crime." The common sense way is the best way, yet, even though high flown theories endeavor to force recognition. If the purpose is there, will not the plans be developed? This thought was most forcibly brought out in the institute. Contact with others in work will help greatly in proving our aims. The defects as well as the good things about them will be brought out more clearly. Wisely refrain from adopting the other fellow's methods, but prudently adopt them if of oneself there is no originality.

There are many times when the teacher is forced to halt between two opinions. A moment or two, then, for reflection.

If the old adage, "There is no excellence without great labor," was heeded more, there would be more excellence in all lines.

"Push, in Education," by W. Gracey Montgomery, in this issue of the column, is a splendid article and has the right sort of ring. Ring again, Bro. Montgomery.

Don't wait for some one else to write for the educational column. Be sure and not be left out of the twenty-six week's run. Besides, your duty as a teacher does not end with the teaching of reading, writing and arithmetic. See if ink is not an excellent conveyer of thoughts.

Wanted—Every teacher in the county to write an article for the educational column.

Push in Education.

W. GRACEY MONTGOMERY.

General Sheridan once wrote to General Grant: "Things are in a shape to push." Grant replied: "Push things." This applies very nicely in the school room. If a teacher would succeed in his profession he must have vim, energy, zeal—call it what you may—he must possess that which makes things go. There is no place in common school curriculum for the dead or slovenly teacher. He must be awake, alive and thoroughly competent to bring into action that inward spirit which manifests itself in doing.

There must be inculcated into his very being the fire of ambition, which seeks to hoist the flag of educational advancement over the van of the surging tide of poor educational facilities, until he can raise the standard, fall into the life line of public duty and plant his symbol of progress upon the parapet of time.

When Xerxes, at the pass of Thermopylae, summoned Leonidas and his brave Spartan army to an unconditional surrender, and after being assured that the darts of the Persians were sufficiently numerous to darken the sun, the brave Leonidas replied: "Then we will fight in the shade."

Teacher friends, you will find a class

of people in almost every sphere of life who care for nothing more than mere existence. They are in the profession only for the meager sake of livelihood, and have no motives whatever, beyond self. Such are in a greater part the bane of the public schools of today; and their continual pessimistic howling only causes the darkened cloud of selfish motives to drift its ragged edges over the golden disc of educational advancement and intellectual growth, until now it remains for the live teachers to rally to the call for better schools, expunge this mediocre way of teaching and prepare to fight the malcontents in the "shade."

Then we must be wary and on the alert—wide-awake and doing. For this inactivity in so-called educational work can only be ostracized and eradicated by your going to the post of duty, as it were, with a well developed resoluteness of purpose and a determination of instilling and infusing into the life and being of the child the desires and need of an active life.

You may call me a fanatic, enthusiast or whatever you may, but permit me to say that I believe in push and pushing in the truest American sense of the meaning, and especially so in the school room.

And, in conclusion, allow me to say that a great many of us will teach in houses which have had and improper means of heating and ventilation, and very often poor play grounds, but that does not debar us from exerting upon our daily associates that influence which has a tendency to move things along. And when we hearken to the call of more activity, force and energy, and lay aside those stagnant impulses that link us to the profession for the greater part of the mutual benefits derived therefrom; ay, if we will only put on the robes of purity and excellence, and awaken ourselves to the fullest sense of duty, then it will not be a great while until the flickering light of the thoughtless, incongruous teacher will be extinguished by the breath of public sentiment. No longer shall the deplorable influence of his actions deflect its shade over the paths of the coming generation.

Some Facts About Washington.

Starr, Ky., August 5, 1905.

Dear Editor:— If you will allow me a small space in your valuable paper I shall try and write a few lines in regard to Washington. I spent four months in the state of Washington in the Yakima Valley in the little town of Toppenish and I think I know of a few facts that have been told by H. C. Hill, or in other words, Bulger Hill. If Mr. Hill has told the truth about the place, it has met with a great change since I left there August 27, 1904. Now, I shall try and tell you of a few things that he did not show me. He said the country was level, and if that country is level I have never seen any hills, and he said cabbage grew so large that they made 100 pounds to the head, and he said beets were 18 inches through and I know this is all false and he said the Irish potato grew 26 inches long and I know that is not true, so, just to be plain and make a long story short, it is but little that he told that is true.

I also notice that one lady in writing to THE RECORD last week is having great sympathy for Mr. Hill and says it is so much expense to stand. It looks to me that a man could stand a little expense when he gets big money out of the government and bigger money out of the suckers he catches when he comes to Kentucky, and I also think if he was the man that he should be, and had so much money to blow he would come back here and pay some of the people for their tobacco that he bought. Respectfully, O. M. F.

Six Million Acres.

The state of Texas will place on sale September 1, 1905, six million acres of state lands scattered throughout the state at from \$1 to \$3 per acre, one-fortieth cash down, forty years' time on balance, 3 per cent. interest.

Write for particulars, also about cheap rates to the Southwest August 15, September 5 and 19, October 3 and 17.

E. W. LaBeaume, G. P. and T. A., Cotton belt Route, St. Louis, Mo.

Remember that never under any circumstances do we sacrifice quality in order to quote little prices, but buy the best and give it to you at lowest cash prices. C. B. LOYD, Fredonia, Ky.

WATER WORKS FOR MARION

The Opportunity and the Man Here.

HALF OF STOCK PLEDGED

Our Recent Disaster, Caused by Holocaust, Is Well to Be Remembered and

MOVEMENT SHOULD BE SUPPORTED

That Marion is to have a system of water works commensurate with its size and commercial importance, and that its handsome new structures, when completed, will be insured some means of protection against a repetition of the destruction caused by flames on March 28, 1905, is at present a dream only, but may soon assume some of the phases of reality.

Mr. George M. Morris, a capitalist and promoter, from Henderson, Ky., who is here for the purpose of organizing a mining company, stated to a representative of the RECORD that he could and would organize a water works company also, if a franchise will be granted such company under conditions which would be an incentive for his people to take hold of the proposition.

It was also stated by Mr. Morris that his associates and himself were interested in systems of water works installed elsewhere, and that one man had offered to subscribe for a controlling interest in a plant which would be installed here, if the franchise is purchased.

The RECORD hopes to see a deal consummated with the city for a water works system, which will be installed promptly by the purchasers of the franchise.

LOVING GIVES BAIL

IN SUM OF \$10,000

The Examining Trial Finished on Saturday Evening.

Paducah, Ky., Aug. 7.—Acting Police Judge D. A. Cross Saturday night held H. H. Loving in the sum of \$10,000 for killing Herbert A. Rose at the Fraternity building Thursday morning. A night session of court was held at which arguments were heard.

When the commonwealth concluded its evidence about 5 p. m. Saturday, Attorney Hal Corbett for the defense, moved that the warrant be dismissed. Judge Cross overruled the motion and the defendant, H. H. Loving, then took the stand for about an hour and for the first time made a public statement in regard to the shooting.

The version of the defendant differs materially in some respects from the evidence of all the witnesses. He states that after the differences arose between Rose and him, that began with the alleged misappropriations of company funds by Rose, and after threats had been made against his life, Rose having been deposed as president of the Kentucky Mill & Lumber Company to which position Loving was elected July 29, that he carried a pistol himself and that he knew Rose to do likewise. He said that Rose had a pistol on his person when shot and he swears that Rose put his hand on his hip pocket and declared he would kill defendant, when he, the defendant, fired the fatal shot.

Loving gave bond about 11:40 p. m., and was free which he had practically been ever since the shooting. His sureties are: Harry Meyers, Dr. J. T. Reddick, Ell Guthrie, W. C. O'Bryan, Cecil Reed and A. G. Owsley.

EBEN HOLDEN

By IRVING BACHELLER

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

CHAPTER I.—I am left an orphan at six and am saved from a dissolute uncle by Eben Holden, an old man who has worked for my father. Uncle Eb takes me through the wilderness from Vermont to seek a new home in New York State.

II.—Our adventures in the woods. Uncle Eb scares away a panther.

III.—A woman presents a little wagon to me, to which Fred, our dog, is attached. A man tries to enter our camp in the woods.

IV.—Uncle Eb repulses the intruder. We stay in an old cabin and are warned during the night to leave by its mysterious owner.

V.—I meet Jed Peary, a country poet who takes a liking to me. I am almost frozen to death and am saved by Uncle Eb.

VIII.—Hope and I try to save our old dog from the butcher's hands, but are compelled by circumstances to leave him to starve.

IX.—The mysterious "night man," a spectral prowler of the countryside, is again seen to the children. Story of Nehemiah Brower, who killed another boy by accident, ran away and was reported drowned near Van Delman's land. I escort Hope to a "school lyceum."

X.—I win distinction at school. Hope's musical ability develops. Her voice is praised by young Mr. Livingstone, a visitor from the city. I disclose my love for Hope to Jed Peary, who advises me to study.

XI and XII.—Gerald Brower, my young foster brother, dies. Hope and I go away to the Hillsborough academy.

CHAPTER X.

THE love of labor was counted a great virtue there in Faraway. As for myself, I could never put my heart in a hoe handle or in any like tool of toil. They made a blister upon my spirit as well as upon my hands. I tried to find in the sweat of my brow that exalted pleasure of which Mr. Greeley had visions in his comfortable retreat on Printing House square. But fortunately I had not his point of view.

Hanging in my library, where I may see it as I write, is the old sickle of Uncle Eb. The hard hickory of its handle is worn thin by the grip of his hand. It becomes a melancholy symbol when I remember how also the hickory had worn him thin and bent him low and how infinitely better than all the harvesting of the sickle was the strength of that man, diminishing as it were the wood. I cannot help smiling when I look at the sickle and think of the soft hands and tender amplitude of Mr. Greeley.

The great editor had been a playmate of David Brower when they were boys, and his paper was read with much reverence in our home.

"How quick you can plow a ten acre lot with a pen," Uncle Eb used to say when we had gone up to bed after father had been reading aloud from his Tribune.

Such was the power of the press in that country one had but to say of any doubtful thing, "Seen it in print," to stop all argument. If there were any further doubt he had only to say that he had read it either in the Tribune or the Bible and couldn't remember which. Then it was a mere question of veracity in the speaker. Books and other reading were carefully put away for an improbable time of leisure.

"I might break my leg some time," said David Brower; "then they'll come handy." But the Tribune was read carefully every week.

I have seen David Brower stop and look at me while I have been digging potatoes with a sober grin such as came to him always after he had swapped "hosses" and got the worst of it. Then he would show me again, with a little impatience in his manner, how to hold the handle and straddle the row. He would watch me for a moment, turn to Uncle Eb, laugh helplessly and say: "That boy'll hev to be a minister. He can't work."

But for Elizabeth Brower it might have gone hard with me those days. My mind was always on my books or my last talk with Jed Peary, and she shared my confidence and fed my hopes and shielded me as much as possible from the heavy work. Hope had a better head for mathematics than I and had always helped me with my sums, but I had a better memory and an aptitude in other things that kept me at the head of most of my classes.

Best of all at school I enjoyed the "compositions." I had many thoughts, such as they were, and some facility of expression. I doubt not, for a child. Many chronicles of the countryside came off my pen, sketches of odd events and characters there in Faraway. These were read to the assembled household. Elizabeth Brower would sit looking gravely down at me as I stood by her knees reading in those days of my early boyhood. Uncle Eb listened with his head turned curiously, as if his ear were cocked for coons. Sometimes he and David Brower would slap their knees and laugh heartily, whereas my father mother would give them a quick glance and shake her head, for she was always fearful of the day when she should see in her children the birth of vanity and sought to put it off as far as might be. Sometimes she would

cover her mouth to hide a smile and when I had finished look warningly at the rest and say it was good for a little boy. Her praise never went further, and, indeed, all those people hated flattery as they did the devil and frowned upon conceit. She said that when the love of flattery got hold of one he would lie to gain it.

I can see this slender, blue eyed woman as I write. She is walking up and down beside her spinning wheel. I can hear the dreary buzz-z-z of the spindle as she feeds it with the fleecy ropes. That loud crescendo echoes in the still house of memory. I can hear her singing as she steps forward and slows the wheel and swings the cradle with her foot.

"On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming
There is rest for you."

She lays her hand to the spokes again, and the roar of the spindle drowns her voice.

All day, from the breakfast hour to supper time, I have heard the dismal sound of the spinning as she walked the floor, content to sing of rest, but never taking it.

Her home was almost a miracle of neatness. She could work with no peace of mind until the house had been swept and dusted. A flyspeck on the window was enough to cloud her day. She went to town with David now and then—not often more than once a quarter—and came back ill and exhausted. If she sat in a store waiting for David while he went to mill or southly her imagination gave her no rest. That dirt abhorring mind of hers would begin to clean the windows, and when that was finished it would sweep the floor and dust the counters. In due course it would lower the big chandelier and take out all the lamps and wash the chimneys with soap and water and rub them till they shone. Then if David had not come it would put in the rest of its time on the woodwork. With all her cleaning I am sure the good woman kept her soul spotless. Elizabeth Brower believed in goodness and the love of God and knew no fear. Uncle Eb used to say that wherever Elizabeth Brower went hereafter it would have to be clean and comfortable.

Hope's love of music soon became a passion. Young Mr. Livingstone, "a city chap" we met at a church concert, came over to visit us. His enthusiasm for her voice gave us all great hope of it. David Brower said he would take her away to the big city when she was older. They soon decided to send her in September to the big school in Hillsborough.

"She's got t' be a lady," said David Brower as he drew her into his lap the day we had all discussed the matter. "She's learnt everything in the 'Tribune' an' 'geography' an' 'speller.' I want her t' learn somethin' more scientific."

"Now you're talkin'," said Uncle Eb. "There's lots o' things ye can't learn by ephorin'. Nuthin' too good for Hope."

"I'd like t' know what you men expect of her anyway," said Elizabeth Brower.

"A high stepper," said Uncle Eb. "We want a slick coat, a kind o' a top py head an' a lot o' ginger, so't when we hitch 'er t' the pole bine by we shan't be 'shamed o' her."

"Eggzactly," said David Brower, laughing. "An' then she shall have the best harness in the market."

Hope did not seem to comprehend all the rustic metaphors that had been applied to her. A look of puzzled amusement came over her face, and then she ran away into the garden, her hair streaming from under her white sun-bonnet.

"Never see such a beauty! Bents the world," said Uncle Eb in a whisper, whereas both David and Elizabeth shook their heads.

"Lord o' mercy! Don't let her know it!" Elizabeth answered in a low tone. "She's beginning to have—"

Just then Hope came by us leading her pet filly that had been born within the month. Immediately Mrs. Brower changed the subject.

"To have what?" David inquired as soon as the girl was out of hearing.

"Suspensions," said Elizabeth mournfully. "Spends a good deal of her time at the looking glass. I think the other girls tell her, and then that young Livingstone has been turning her head."

"Turning her head?" he exclaimed. "Turning her head," she answered. "He sat here the other day and deliberately told her that he had never seen such a complexion and such lovely hair."

Elizabeth Brower mocked his recent with a show of contempt that feebly echoed my own emotions.

"That's the way o' city folks, mother," said David.

"It's a bad way," she answered. "I do not think he ought to come here. Hope's a child yet, and we mustn't let her get notions."

"I'll tell him not t' come any more," said David as he and Uncle Eb rose to go to their work.

"I'm 'frail she ought not to go away to school for a year yet," said Elizabeth, a troubled look in her face.

"Pshaw, mother! Ye can't keep her under yer wing allwus," said he.

"Well, David, you know she is very young and uncommonly"—She hesitated.

"Han'some," said he. "We might as well own up if she is our child."

"If she goes away," continued Elizabeth, "some of us ought t' go with her."

Then Uncle Eb and David went to their work in the fields and I to my own task. That very evening they began to talk of renting the farm and going to town with the children.

I had a stent of cording wood that day and finished it before 2 o'clock. Then I got my pole of mountain ash, made hook and line ready, dug some worms and went fishing. I cared not so much for the fishing as for the solitude of the woods. I had a bit of thinking to do. In the thick timber there was a place where Tinkle brook began to hurry and break into murmurs on a pebble bar as if its feet were tickled. A few more steps and it burst into a peal of laughter that lasted half the year as it tumbled over narrow shelves of rock into a foamy pool.

Many a day I had sat fishing four hours at the little fall under a birch tree among the brakes and moss. No ray of sunlight ever got to the dark water below me—the lair of many a big fish that had yielded to the temptation of my bait. Here I lay in the cool shade while a singular sort of heart sickness came over me. A wild partridge was beating his gong in the near woods all the afternoon. The sound of the water seemed to break in the tree tops and fall back upon me. I had lain there thinking an hour or more when I caught the jar of approaching footsteps. Looking up, I saw Jed Peary coming through the bushes, pole in hand.

"Fishin'?" he asked.

"Only thinking," I answered.

"Couldn't be in better business," said he as he sat down beside me.

More than once he had been my father confessor, and I was glad he had come.

"In love?" he asked. "No boy ever thinks unless he's in love."

"In trouble," said I.

"Same thing," he answered, lighting his pipe. "Love is trouble with a bit of sugar in it—the sweetest trouble a man can have. What's the matter?"

"It's a great secret," I said. "I have never told it. I am in love."

"Knew it," he said, puffing at his pipe and smiling in a kindly way. "Now let's put in the trouble."

"She does not love me," I answered.

"Glad of it," he remarked. "I've got a secret t' tell you."

"What's that?" I inquired.

"Wouldn't tell anybody else for the world, my boy," he said; "it's between you an' me."

"Between you an' me," I repeated.

"Well," he said, "you're a fool."

"That's no secret," I answered, much embarrassed.

"Yes, it is," he insisted; "you're smart enough an' ye can have most

anything in this world if ye take the right road. Ye've grown t' be a great big strapping fellow, but you're only—"

"Sixteen?"

"That's all," I said mournfully.

"Ye're as big a fool to go falling in love as I'd be. Ye've grown an' I'm too old. I say to you, wait. Ye've got to go t' college."

"College?" I exclaimed incredulously.

"Yes, an' that's another secret," said he. "I tol' David Brower what I thought o' your writing that essay on bugs in perlicker—an' I tol' 'im what people were sayin' o' your work in school."

"What d' he say?" I asked.

"Said Hope had tol' 'im all about it—that she was as proud o' you as she was of her curis, an' I believe it. 'Well,' says I, 'ye oughter see' that boy t' college. 'Goin' to,' says he. 'He'll go t' the academy this fall if he wants to. Then he can go t' college soon's he's ready.' Threw up my hat an' shouted, I was that glad."

As he spoke the old man's face kindled with enthusiasm. In me he had one who understood him, who saw truth in his thought, music in his verse, a noble simplicity in his soul. I took his hand in mine and thanked him heartily. Then we rose and came away together.

"Remember," he said as we parted at the corner, "there's a way laid out for you. In God's time it will lead to every good thing you desire. Don't jump over the fence. Don't try t' pass any milestin' fore ye've come to it. Don't mope. Keep yer head cool with philosophy, yer feet warm with travel an' don't worry 'bout yer heart. It won't turn t' stun if ye do keep it awhile. Always hev enow o' it about ye t' do business with. Goodby!"

CHAPTER XI.

GERALD BROWER, who was a baby when I came to live at Faraway and was now eleven, had caught a cold in seed time, and he had never quite recovered. His coughing had begun to keep him awake, and one night it brought alarm to the whole household. Elizabeth

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His legs were crossed and one elbow thrown carelessly over the back of his chair. We all sat looking at him anxiously. In a moment he began chewing hard on his quid of tobacco. Uncle Eb pushed the cuspidor a bit nearer. The doctor expectorated freely and resumed his attitude of reflection. The clock ticked loudly; the patient sighed; our anxiety increased.

Uncle Eb spoke to father in a low tone, whereupon the doctor turned suddenly, with a little grunt of inquiry, and, seeing he was not addressed, sank again into thoughtful repose. I had begun to fear the worst when suddenly the hand of the doctor swept the bald peak of benevolence at the top of his head. Then a smile began to spread over his face. It was as if some feather of thought had begun to tickle him. In a moment his head was nodding with laughter that brought a great sense of relief to all of us. In a slow, deliberate tone he began to speak.

"I was over t' Rat Tupper's t'other day," said he. "Rat was sitting with me in the dooryard. Purty soon a young chap came in with a scythe and asked if he might use the grindstun. He was a new hired man from somewhere near. He didn't know Rat, an' Rat didn't know him. So Rat o' course had t' crack one o' his jokes.

"May I use yer grindstun?" said the young feller.

"Dunno," said Rat. "I'm only the hired man here. Go an' ask Mis' Tupper."

"The ol' lady had overheard him, an' so she says t' the young feller: 'Yes, ye can use the grindstun. The hired man out there'll turn it fer ye.'

"Rat see he was trapped, an' so he went out under the plum tree, where the stun was, an' begun t' turn. The scythe was dull an' the young feller bore on harder 'n wuz reely decent fer a long time. Rat begun t' git very sober lookin'.

"'Ain't ye 'bout done,' said he. 'Purty nigh,' said the young feller, bearin' down a leetle harder all the time.

"Rat made the stun go faster. Purty soon he asked ag'in, 'Ain't ye done yit?'

"'Purty nigh,' says the other, feelin' o' the edge.

"'I'm done,' said Rat, an' he let go o' the handle. 'I dunno 'bout the scythe, but I'm a good deal sharper 'n I wuz.'

"You're the hired man here, ain't ye?" said the young feller.

"No, I ain't," said Rat. "D' ruther own up t' bein' a liar than turn that stun another minit."

As soon as he was fairly started with this droll narrative the strain of the situation was relieved. We were all laughing as much at his deliberate way of narration as at the story itself.

Suddenly he turned to Elizabeth Brower and said very soberly, "Will you bring me some water in a glass?"

Then he opened his chest of medicine, made some powders and told us how to give them.

"In a few days I would take him into the big woods for awhile," he said. "See how it agrees with him."

Then he gathered up his things, and mother went with him to the gig.

Humor was one of the specifics of Dr. Riggsby. He was always a poor man. He had a way of lumping his bills, at about so much, in settlement and probably never kept books. A side of pork paid for many a long journey.

He came to his death riding over the hills one bitter day not long after the time of which I write to reach a patient.

The haying over, we made ready for our trip into the woods. Uncle Eb and Tip Taylor, who knew the forest, and myself were to go with Gerald to Blueberry lake. We loaded our wagon with provisions one evening and made ready to be off at the break of day.

I remember how hopefully we started that morning, with Elizabeth Brower and Hope waving their handkerchiefs on the porch and David near them whistling. They had told us what to do and what not to do over and over again. I sat with Gerald on blankets that were spread over a thick mat of hay. The morning air was sweet with the odor of new hay and the music of the bobolink. Uncle Eb and Tip Taylor were sitting on the ground, looking at the hills.

When we entered the shade of the big forest Uncle Eb got out his rifle and loaded it. He sat a long time whispering and looking eagerly for game to right and left. He was still a boy. One could see evidences of age only in his white hair and beard and wrinkled brow. He retained the little tufts in front of his ears, and lately had grown a silver crescent of thin and silky hair that circled his throat under a bare chin. Young as I was, I had no keener relish for a holiday than he.

At noon we halted beside a brook and unhitched our horses. Then we caught some fish, built a fire and cooked them and brewed our tea. At sunset we halted at Tukey pond, looking along its reedy margin, under purple tamaracks, for deer. There was a great silence here in the deep of the woods, and Tip Taylor's ax, while he peeled the bark for our camp, seemed to fill the wilderness with echoes. It was after dark when the shanty was covered and we lay on its fragrant mow of balsam and hemlock. The great logs that we had rolled in front of our shanty were set afire and shortly supper was cooking.

Gerald had stood the journey well. Uncle Eb and he stayed in, while Tip and I got our jack ready and went off in quest of a dugout. He said Bill Ellis worth had one hid in a thicket on the south side of Tukey. We found it after an hour's tramp near by. It needed a little repairing, but we soon made it water worthy and then took our seats, he in the stern, with the paddle, and I in the bow with the gun. Slowly and silently we clove a way through the star sown shadows. It was like the hushed and mystic movement of a dream. We seemed to be above the deep of heaven, the stars below us. The

shadow of the forest in the still water looked like the wall of some mighty castle with towers and battlements and myriads of windows lighted for a fête.

Once the groan of a night hawk fell out of the upper air with a sound like that of a stone striking in water. I thought little of the deer Tip was after. His only aim in life was the one he got with a gun barrel. I had forgotten all but the beauty of the scene. Suddenly Tip roused me by laying his hand to the gunwale and gently shaking the dug-out. In the dark distance ahead of us I could hear the faint tinkle of dripping water. Then I knew a deer was feeding not far away and that the water was falling from his muzzle. When I opened my jack we were close upon him. His eyes gleamed. I shot high above the deer, that went splashing ashore before I had pulled my trigger. After the roar of the gun had got away in the distant timber Tip mentioned a place abhorred of all men, turned and paddled for the landing.

"Could a' killed 'im with a club," said he, snickering. "Guess he must a' looked purty tall, didn't he?"

"Why?" I asked.

"Cos ye aimed into the sky," said he. "Mebbe ye thought he was a bird."

"My hand trembled a little," said I. "Minds me of Bill Barber," he said in a half whisper as he worked his paddle, chuckling with amusement.

"How's that?" I asked.

"Nothin' safe but the thing he shoots at," said he. "Terrible bad shot. Kills a cow every time he goes huntin'."

Uncle Eb was stirring the fire when we came whispering into camp, and Gerald lay asleep under the blankets.

"Willie couldn't hit the broadside of a barn," said Tip. "He don't take to it nat'ral."

"Killin' an' book learnin' don't often go together," said Uncle Eb.

I turned in by the side of Gerald, and Uncle Eb went off with Tip for another trip in the dugout. The night was chilly, but the fire flooded our shanty with its warm glow. What with the light and the boughs under us and the strangeness of the black forest, we got little sleep. I heard the gun roar late in the night, and when I woke again Uncle Eb and Tip Taylor were standing over the fire in the chilly gray of the morning. A dead deer hung on the limb of a tree near by. They began dressing it, while Gerald and I went to the spring for water, peeled potatoes and got the pots boiling. After a hearty breakfast we packed up and were soon on the road again, reaching Blueberry lake before noon. There we hired a boat of the lonely keeper of the reservoir, found an abandoned camp with an excellent bark shanty and made ourselves at home.

That evening in camp was one to be remembered. Ab Thomas, the guide who tended the reservoir, came over and sat beside our fire until bedtime. He had spent years in the wilderness, going out for nothing less important than an annual spree at circus time. He eyed us over each in turn, as if he thought us all very rare and interesting.

"Many bears here?" Uncle Eb inquired.

"More plenty 'n human bein's," he answered, puffing lazily at his pipe with a dead calm in his voice and manner that I have never seen equaled except in a tropic sea.

"See 'em often?" I asked.

He emptied his pipe, striking it on his palm until the bowl rang, without answering. Then he blew into the stem with great violence.

"Three or four 'n a summer mebbe," he said at length.

"Ever git sassy?" Uncle Eb asked.

He whipped a coal out of the ashes then and lifted it in his fingers to the bowl of his pipe.

"Never real sassy," he said between vigorous puffs. "One stole a ham off my pyraz las' summer. Al Fifeled brought 't in fer me one day—smelt good too! I kep' savin' uv it, thinkin'."

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Tip had everything ready for our journey home. Each day Gerald had grown paler and thinner. As we wrapped him in a shawl and tenderly helped him into the wagon I read his doom in his face. We saw so much of that kind of thing in our stern climate we knew what it meant. Our fun was over. We sat in silence, speeding down the long hills in the fading light of the afternoon. Those few solemn hours in which I heard only the wagon's rumble and the sweet calls of the whippoorwill—waves of music on a sea of silence—started me in a way of thought which has led me high and low these many years and still invites me. The day was near its end when we got to the first big clearing. From the top of a high hill we could see above the far forest the red rim of the setting sun, big with winding from the skein of day, that was now flying off the tree tops in the west.

We stopped to feed the horses and to take a bite of jerked venison, wrapped ourselves warmer, for it was now dusk and chilly, and went on again. The road went mostly downhill going out of the woods and we could make good time. It was near midnight when we drove in at our gate. There was a light in the sitting room, and Uncle Eb and I went in with Gerald at once. Elizabeth Brower knelt at the feet of her son, unbuttoned his coat and took off his muffler. Then she put her arms about his neck, while neither spoke nor uttered any sound. Both mother and son felt and understood and were silent. The ancient law of God that reads asunder and makes havoc of our plans bore heavy on them in that moment. I have no doubt, but neither murmured. Uncle Eb began to pump vigorously at the cistern, while David fussed with the fire. We were all quaking inwardly, but neither betrayed a sign of it. It is a way the Puritan has of suffering. His emotions are like the deep undercurrents of the sea.

"I've ever hear o' the wild man 'at roams round 'n these woods?" he asked.

"Never did," said Uncle Eb.

"I've seen 'im more times 'n ye could shake a stick at," said Ab, crossing his legs comfortably and spitting into the fire. "Kind o' think he's the same man folks tells uv down 'n Paradise valley there—'at goes round 'n the clearin' after bedtime."

Ab's tongue had limbered up at last. His pipe was well-a-going, and he seemed to have struck an easy grade. There was a tone of injury and aggrievement in his talk of the bear's ingratitude. He smiled over his whistling as we laughed heartily at the droll effect of it all.

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The hand of the doctor swept the bald peak of benevolence at the top of his head.

I'd enjoy it all the more when I did hear it. One day I went off cuttin' timber an' stayed till mos' night. Comin' home I got t' thinkin' o' the ham, an' made up my mind I'd hev some fer supper. The more I thought uv it the faster I hurried, an' when I got hum I was hungrier 'n I'd been fer a year. When I see the ol' bear's tracks an' the empty peg where the ham had hung I started after the bear. Tracked 'im over yender up Cat mount'in."

Here Ab paused. He had a way of stopping always at the most interesting point to puff at his pipe. It looked as if he were getting up steam for another sentence, and these delays had the effect of "continued in our next."

"Kill 'im?" Uncle Eb asked.

"Licked him," he said.

"Huh!" we remarked incredulously.

"Licked 'im," he repeated, chuckling.

"Went into his cave with a sled stake

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SUBSCRIPTION ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1904, at
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come interested by just a
word from you. Your effort
will be appreciated by him
as well as ourselves.

There are a great many
names that ought to be ad-
ded to our subscription list,
and we believe our friends
will assist in getting them
there if we request it.

We do request each of our
subscribers to try and add
one name to our list. The
contribution would be small,
but in the aggregate would
greatly lessen the burden
imposed upon us by the re-
cent fire.

No appeal for help has
ever been made, nor is it
now intended as a direct
request for assistance, but
we want more subscribers
and we want our friends to
help us get them.

The improvements which
we have added, or will add
in the future, will more
than compensate those who
aid us for their effort in our
behalf.

Get your neighbor to adopt
the reading habit by secur-
ing his subscription to THE
RECORD.

Editor Henry Watterson, of the
Courier-Journal, has returned from his
tour abroad. He spent several months
on the continent.

The annual encampment of the Ken-
tucky troops began Monday morning at
Paducah. The camp was named Yeiser
in honor of the mayor.

The body of Mrs. Jane Carlisle, wife
of former Secretary of State Jno. G.
Carlisle, was buried in a vault in the
Babylon rural cemetery, Babylon Long
Island, Monday, but will later be
removed to Covington, Ky.

The Owensboro Chautauqua is fur-
nishing an excellent course of lectures
and entertainments to the people at-
tending. The attendance is good this
year. Not less than 6000 to 8000 were
present on the first day. It closes
August 16.

Tuesday, August 22, a delegate con-
vention will meet at Salem to nominate
a candidate to make the race for rep-
resentative from Crittenden and Liv-
ington counties. For this place a man
should be chosen who is above and
opposed to corruption in any party and
a man who will represent the best
interests of the people. On Thursday
the 24th, the delegates chosen in the
counties composing this senatorial dis-
trict will meet in Marion to nominate a
candidate for state senate. For both
of these places, clean, honest men only
should be considered and men who will
protect the tax interests of the people.
C is for both of these conventions
are made in this issue of THE RECORD.

The yellow fever scourge is a little
grave in the south, but southern towns
are being quarantined, the federal gov-
ernment has assumed charge and Var-
daman, of Mississippi, has called out
militia to prevent local disturbances.
Memphis, Cairo and other points on
southern routes to the north are quar-
antined to prevent the spread of the
disease.

We publish this week a letter of
appeal to the farmers of this county,
written by one of them, the organiza-
tion of an institute for protective pur-
poses. No exception is taken by us
and we hope there will be none taken
by any one else to what "Old Farmer"
has written, for he simply dwells ex-
clusively on one phase of the subject,
one of the objects and one of the bene-
fits to be derived from organization of
the farming class.

While the matter of organization for
protection is not, perhaps, strictly
within the purposes of an institute,
still we do not wish to discourage the
idea, and if the principles of "organi-
zation for protection" be incorporated
in the rules and by-laws, it will only
add to the manifold uses of an insti-
tute.

The primary object of organizing an
institute is that of educating the farm-
ing class in the later and more im-
proved methods of deriving the great-
est benefits with the least expenditure
of time and money in cultivating the
soil, stock raising, and other pursuits
common to the farming class.

The usefulness of an organization of
any kind, for the good of a community,
and for the membership in particular,
grows with the frequency of its meet-
ings, and interest and zeal displayed by
its officers and members.

We predict a useful career for the
Crittenden county institute, for with
the combination of agricultural and
mineral wealth, a proper infusion of
public interest will insure success to
the movement.

An institute for the farmer will fur-
nish the same stimulus to his efforts as
the institute for the school and a com-
mercial club for city and county devel-
opment of commercial interests.

Let the good work go on.

DO OUR READERS APPRE- CIATE IT?

The Crittenden Record, published at
Marion, is one of the most creditable
papers of the state. It is just enter-
ing on the second year of a life
that augurs the highest usefulness for
the state and the Republican party.
The Record had, in its very first year,
to meet heavy loss by fire, its whole
outfit being reduced to ashes. But
from the ruins it rose pluckily, and is
today as good a weekly as can be found
in the whole commonwealth. The
Record has a very important mission—
the redemption of the Gibraltar of
the Democracy. But it is equal to big
feats. We compliment its editors and
publishers, Messrs. J. E. Chittenden
and C. H. Whitehouse. They are the
right sort.—Louisville Herald.

Plain English.

A rite suite little buoy, the sun of a
kernal, with a rough round his neck,
due up the rode as quick as a deer.
After a time he stopped at a house and
wrung the belle. His tow hurt hymn,
and he kneaded wrest. He was two
tired to raze his fare, pail face, and a
feint mown of pain rose from his lips.

The mawn who herd the belle was
about to pair a pare, but she through
it down and ran with all her mite, for
fear her guessed would not weight.
But, when she saw the little wown, tiers
stood in her eyes at the site. "Ewe
pore deer! Why do you lye hear! Are
yew dyeing?" "Know," he said, "I
am feint." She bore him in her arms,
as he aught, to a room where he might
be quiet, gave him bred and meet, held
a cent bottle under his nose, untied his
choler, rapped him up warmly, gave
him a suite drachm from a viol, till at
last he went fourth as hail as a young
hoarse. Then

All day they played and chattered,
With laughter sweet and low;
But when the sunset beckoned,
They both made haste to go.

"Now fare thee well, we're going,"
They sweetly called to me,
And hand in hand went singing
Back to oblivion's sea.

—RUSTIC.

An Atlas For \$1.00.

The Great Northern Railway has
issued an atlas of 56 pages containing
up to date maps of Iowa, Wisconsin,
Minnesota, North and South Dakota,
Montana, Idaho, Washington, British
Columbia, Oregon, Kansas Missouri,
Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Alaska,
Hawaii, Japan, Philippine Islands,
China, the United States and of the
World.

In addition to this, the atlas contains
valuable statistical information relative
to the States named above, is printed
on the very best quality of paper,
shows the lines of the Great Northern
Railway, and is in every way a com-
mendable work.

This atlas will be distributed at the
actual cost of production and will be
sent to any address upon receipt of
\$1.00. Address F. I. Whitney, Passen-
ger Traffic Manager, Great Northern
Railway, St. Paul, Minn. 50-61.

Alpha to Omega.

BY RUSTIC.

There are interesting periods in the
lives of all, of course. We travel by
stages, not easy ones for all of us, but to
many they are very much alike. In
the budding from babyhood to child-
hood comes the longing for the joys
and toys which that stage offers. The
shifting of the frock for the more man-
ly appearing costume, the casting aside
of the long white slip for the more pre-
tentious gown, the displacing of the
of the cradle by the trundle bed, the
dawn of boyhood and girlhood. Then
you wished to be a man or woman
right off didn't you? How the months
and the years dragged slowly up to the
teens in those olden happy days! You
looked with envy on those who over-
topped you, who were years and years
ahead of you on the road that life last-
ing, you must tread. After you
slipped into the double figure period,
the next wait, the next stage was
reached when you looked down with
harmless scorn on the youngsters and
slapped your breast with manly pride
in the conscious consciousness that an-
other multiplication of the figures, an-
other doubling of the years had lifted
you out of boyhood's rank and made
a man of you. Then you felt your im-
portance and took your place among
the players on the world's stage, ready
for the part assigned to you. Soon life
became a reality, childhood a memory,
babyhood a dream. Still you sighed
for the coming years. From 10 to 20
was an age, from 20 to 30 seemed a
long way, but you got there finally—
got there sooner than you expected,
too, didn't you? And then you were
not in such a rush to reach the hey-
day. But the days rolled into weeks,
the weeks into months, the months
into years with surprising swiftness.
The wrinkles came and the white hairs
had to be pulled or hidden. How the
time flew then. No longer for today
to slip into tomorrow any more.
Quite the reverse when you stand on
the dividing line, to be sure. Then
comes the last stage, the swift-flying
period, then the days run away and
the years become burdensome. Back-
ward, not so very far, you occasionally
drift on the sea of memory and see the
beginning. Ahead, not so very far off,
you see the end. The you long for the
you long for the slow stage of child-
hood; but you are on the lightning ex-
press of age, on a down grade and due
on schedule time

Farmers' Club.

Mr. Editor: I see in your last week's
issue a call for the organization of a
farmers' club; that on the 14th inst.,
county court day, the state organizer
will be on hand to make a speech, and
chat every farmer who can possibly be
on hand should come out and join the
club.

This matter of organizing an institute
is something that you will have to do
sooner or later, if you expect to get
what is justly due for your labor.
This is the day of trusts and combines,
and if you are not in shape to demand
the value of your produce you will be
in a bad fix; for you may rest assured
that the trusts are well organized and
will be ready to buy cheaply every-
thing that you raise on your farms.

As the rest of the country seems to
be organizing, it is time for our farm-
ers to be up and doing. So come out,
everybody that can, and let us get up
a strong club. Remember the trusts
and bankers, merchants and doctors,
lawyers and preachers all have their
organizations, and why not the farm-
ers? What fools we farmers are to
lie still so long and let the rest of the
world reap the benefits of our labor.
Are you going to continue this kind of
a life so long as you live? I hope not.
Any good brother who will deliver his
produce according to contract, at a
good price, will make a good club mem-
ber. Any good sister who will put her
old feathers in the top of the sack when
she takes them to town for sale and de-
mands all that they are worth, will
make an ideal member. Who is it that
can justly say the farmers should not
organize? It is not the merchants, for
they are doing business by the help of
the farmers; it is not the bankers, for
they are furnishing the money to move
the produce of the farmers, which is
their living; it can't be the doctor, for
their sole existence is the success of
the farmers; nor can it be the preach-
ers, for they are one and all alike well
supplied at their tables. So you see all
that the farmers have to do is to organ-
ize and put themselves in shape to say
to the rest of the world "Come along,
boys, and assist us, and we will divide
honestly and fairly with you." Why,
farmers, it would be a break neck af-
fair with the rest of the world to see
who would come over first, for their
living would depend upon it. Is it pos-
sible that you cannot see where you
are drifting? Is it not plain that you are
left financially unless you organize for
your own protection? If you are still
in the dark, come to Marion on August
14, county court day, and learn all you
can, is the request of an

OLD FARMER.

Our motto: It is our desire to please
our patrons to the letter. If we don't
do that, tell us, but if we do, tell your
neighbors and let them try our shop.
METZ & SEDBERRY.

Farmers' Call Meeting.

To Crittenden County Farmers:

As correspondent from this county to
the department of agriculture, labor
and statistics for the state of Ken-
tucky, I have been requested by the
commissioner to ask that all farmers
of this county meet in Marion on next
county court day, August 14th, for the
purpose of hearing an address from the
commissioner or his deputy, and also
for the purpose of organizing a Crit-
tenden County Farmers' Institute.

Respectfully,
CHARLES W. FOX.

Bits of Byplay.

A Dutchman describes an accident
that happened to him in this way:
"Once a long while ago, I went out in
to my apple orchard to climb a pear
tree to get some peaches to make my
wife a plum pudlin with, and when I
sat down on the lowermost limb, I
fell down from the topmost branch
with one foot on both sides of the fence
and like to have stove my insides out."

Extremely Low Rates

announced via

Southern Railway.

Extremely low rates are announced
via the Southern Railway from Louis-
ville for the following special occasions:
\$29.25 Denver, Colorado Springs and
Pueblo, Col., and return, August 11, 12
and 13, account Fraternal Order of
Eagles.

\$23.00 Denver, Colorado Springs and
Pueblo, Col., and return, August 29 to
September 2 inclusive, account National
Encampment Grand Army of the Re-
public.

\$6.65 Chattanooga, Tenn., and return
Sept. 16, 17 and 18, account Regimental
Reunion, Anniversary Battle of Chick-
amauga.

\$61.50 Portland, Ore., and return
daily up to and including Sept. 30, ac-
count Lewis and Clark Centennial
Exposition.

\$72.50 Portland, Ore., and return go-
ing or returning via San Francisco and
Los Angeles, frequent dates during
June, July, August and September,
account Lewis and Clark Centennial
Exposition.

\$66.50 San Francisco or Los Angeles,
Cal., and return Aug. 6 to 14 inclusive.
\$72.50 San Francisco, Los Angeles or
San Diego, Cal., and return, frequent
dates during June, July, August and
September.

Cheap homeseekers tickets (round
trip) to Mannas, Nebraska, Indian Ter-
ritory, Oklahoma, Texas, North Caro-
lina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida
and many other points, July 4th and
10th, August 1 and 15, September 5
and 19. Correspondingly low rates
from other southern railway stations.
For additional information, folders,
schedules, etc., address
A. R. COOK, C. P. & T. A., 254 Fourth
Ave., Louisville.
C. H. HUNGERFORD, 254 Fourth Ave.,
Louisville, Ky.
G. F. ALLEN, A. G. P. A., St.
Louis, Mo.
W. H. TAYLOR, G. P. A., Washing-
ton, D. C.

Visit the Lewis and Clark Exposition

Portland, Oregon, go via the beautiful
Columbia River, and return through
California. You will regret it if you
miss Mt. Shasta and Sacramento
Valley, San Francisco and Golden Gate,
Yosemite Valley and Big Trees, Santa
Cruz and Paso Robles, Del monte and
monterey Bay, Santa Barbara and Los
Angeles, and the Lucin "Cut Off"
across Great Salt Lake. Low rates via
Union Pacific. Inquire of—J. H.
Lothrop, C. A. 903 Olive St., St.
Louis, Mo.

Notice.

All parties having borrowed fence
stretchers either from us or Marion
Hardware Co., will please return them
at once or pay for same.

Very truly,

HINA-BABB CO.

DIRECT to the LEWIS & CLARK EXPOSITION

VIA THE

UNION PACIFIC

200 miles along the beautiful
Columbia river, and a
chance to visit

YELLOWSTONE PARK

En Route.

Tickets good to

RETURN THROUGH CALIFORNIA.

Inquire

J. H. LOTHROP, G. A.
903 Olive st. St. Louis, Mo.



NoPlace in the World Compares With YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

When arranging your visit to the Lewis and Clark Exposition, be
sure to include Yellowstone Park. It is a glorious wonderland, 4,000
hot pools and springs, lakes and mud volcanoes and other natural nov-
elties. 100 geysers. Excellent train service to the Park, including
through standard Pullman sleeping cars to and from Gardiner, the offi-
cial entrance, via

NORTHERN PACIFIC R'Y.

Definite information on request furnished by C. P. O'Donnell, Dis-
trict Passenger Agent, 42 Jackson Place, Indianapolis, Ind. Send 6c
for Wonderland 1905, 35c for Panoramic Park Picture and 50c for book
of pressed Wild Flowers from Yellowstone Park, to A. M. Cleland,
General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

When Looking for Something in the General Merchandise Line Call on

Canada & Ordway

CRAYNEVILLE, KY.

They sell Dry Goods, Clothing, Notions, Hats, Caps
and Shoes at low prices. Good Fresh Groceries of
all kinds, Hardware and Medicines.

COME AND INVESTIGATE OUR PRICES.

Kentucky Patent.

The following Kentucky patent
was granted this week and was re-
ported by C. A. Snow & Co., patent
attorneys, Washington, D. C.:

Frederick W. Lucas, Bellevue, smok-
ing implement.
For copy of above patent, send ten
cents in postage stamps with date of
this paper to C. A. Snow & Co., Wash-
ington, D. C.

Still More Graft.

Lexington, Ky., July 27.—State
Inspector Henry Hines is in this
city working on tax matters and it is
said that developments involving one
of the most prominent men in the state
may be shortly expected.

Inspector Hines, in a report made to
Gov. Beckham on information furnish-
ed by Floyd Day, of the Swan-Day
Lumber company, sets forth that A. M.
Harrison, revenue agent for the State-
at-large, mulcted that concern out of
\$1,520. This money, it is alleged, was
paid to Edward Oder, of Lexington,
who claimed to be acting as the agent
of Harrison.

A Flower Book of Real Flowers.

The Yellowstone Park Flower Book,
published by the Northern Pacific, is a
beautiful creation. It contains twelve
specimens of real, pressed flowers, in
natural colors, from Yellowstone Park,
with botanical names and the places
where found.

The book also has six full page,
fine half-tone illustrations, showing the
Park bears, Grand Canon, geysers, ho-
tels, etc., found in the Park, with a
brief description of this most wonder-
ful region, 54 by 62 miles in size, in the
very depths of the Rockies.

The Flower Book makes a beautiful
souvenir. Send A. M. Cleland, Gen-
eral Passenger Agent Northern Pacific
Railway, 50c for a copy.

Fiendish Suffering.

Is often caused by sores, ulcers and
cancers that eat away your skin. Wm.
Bedell, of Flat Rock, Mich., says: "I
have used Bucklen's Arnica Salve for
Ulcers, Sores and Cancers. It is the
best healing dressing I ever found." It
soothes and heals cuts, burns and
scalds. 25c at Haynes & Taylor's
drug store; guaranteed.

ICE!

Jas. W. Givens, the Old
Reliable Ice Dealer is
Again in Business!

I have purchased the ice business of
A. M. Hearin & Son, and will be glad
to furnish the people of Marion and
vicinity with the best ice on the mar-
ket. Prompt delivery to all parts of
the city. Special prices in quantities.
J. W. GIVENS.

Low Settlers' Rates

To Points in the West and
Southwest.

Via the Cotton Belt Route!

On first and third Tuesdays of each
month round trip tickets will be sold to
points in Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas
and other Western territory at rate of
one fare plus \$2. Stopovers allowed on
the going trip; 21 days in which to
return.

Cotton Belt Route Trains leave Mem-
phis morning and evening, making con-
nection with all lines, and carry sleep-
ers, chair cars and parlor cafe cars.
Write for literature describing the
country, for maps, time table and
information about rates, etc.

L. O. SCHAEFER, T. P. A.
Cotton Belt Route, Cincinnati, O.

St. Francis Valley Lands

Of Southeast Missouri and Northeast
Arkansas, river bottom made soil, rich
as cream; for corn, wheat, oats, clo-
ver, timothy, alfalfa, fruits and vege-
tables. Yield big crops, no failures.
Open winters. Lands now cheap but
advancing. Investigate this fall.
Homeseekers' rates Aug. 15, Sept. 5
and 19, Oct. 3 and 17.

Write for St. Francis Valley booklet.
E. W. LABAUME, G. P. and T. A.,
Cotton Belt Route, St. Louis, Mo.

Peculiar Disappearance.

J. D. Runyan, of Butteville, O.,
laid the peculiar disappearance of his
painful symptoms, of indigestion and
biliousness, to Dr. King's New Life
Pills. He says: "They are a perfect
remedy for dizziness, sour stomach,
headache, constipation, etc." Guar-
anteed at Haynes & Taylor's drug store,
price 25c.

Fresh Meat

ON ICE!

Telephone Your Orders for
Steaks, Roasts, and Fresh
Meat of all kinds to

YATES & McCASLIN'S

Butcher Shop!

At the small cottage stand near the
C. P. church, on Main street. There
you will get good weight and low prices
George Givens, Butcher.

THE PRICE HELPS US TO MOVE

And if You Want Some of These Bargains They Are Here For you

SLIPPERS AND OXFORDS

\$2.50	tan Oxford for	\$1.85	\$2.50 Pat. Button Oxf.	1.85
2.00	" " "	1.50	2.00 Kid " "	1.50
1.75	" " "	1.25	2.00 white " "	1.50
1.50	" " "	1.15	1.25 " " "	1.00
1.25	" " "	1.00	1.25 Kid " "	1.00

MISSSES' AND CHILDREN'S SLIPPERS
AND OXFORDS IN SAME PROPORTION.

CLOTHING

\$16 and \$18 Suits for	\$13.50	\$4.00 extra pants for	\$3.00
15.00 " "	12.00	3.50 " " "	2.75
12.50 " "	8.50	2.50 " " "	2.00
10.00 " "	7.50	1.50 and \$2 extra pants	1.25
9.00 " "	6.50	6.00 Boys' suits for	4.50
7.50 " "	5.00	5.00 " " "	3.75
8.00 Youths' suits for	6.00	4.00 " " "	3.00
7.50 Outing suits for	5.00	2.50 " " "	1.75
		1.50 " " "	1.00

New Line Up-to-Date Hats and Caps

Neckwear, Suspenders, LION BRAND
Shirts and Collars. Underwear, Hosiery

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.50 - Tan Oxfords - \$3.00
WHILE THEY LAST!

NO TROUBLE
to
SHOW GOODS

and **A Pleasure to Please!**

Taylor & Cannan

LITTLE RECORDS.

F. W. Nunn, dentist.
Sam Gugenheim spent Wednesday in Salem.
L. E. Guess, of Tolu, was in the city Monday.
F. W. Nunn, dentist, at Stewart's gallery.
George Williams was in Blackford Tuesday.
W. L. Funkhouser, of Tolu, was in town Monday.
Mr. and Mrs. Tonkin were in Wheatcroft Sunday.
Miss Mabel Minner visited at Nunn's Switch Monday.
J. W. Templeman, of Princeton, was in town Monday.
For graphophones and records apply to Emmett Koltinsky.
J. W. Pritchett, of Nunn's Switch, was in town Saturday.
Henry Wilson and wife, of Crider, were in town Saturday.
The best bargains in buggies at Hina-Babb Company's.
Call on WOODS & ORME for school books and school supplies.
A full line of duck hats at Denman & Love's. Call and see them.
Henry Wilson and wife, of Crider, visited in the city Sunday.
Tom George and wife, of Salem, were in town shopping Tuesday.
Zed A. Bennett, of Smithland, was in town the first of the week.
The Louisville Herald, weekly and THE RECORD, one year, \$152.
\$1.65 to Uniontown and return, on account of the Fair. L. Johnson.
William Kee was a guest of his brother, Victor G. Kee, Sunday.
We have a full supply of school supplies at our drug store.
WOODS & ORME.
Tom Cook, who has been ill at his home on East Belleville street, is improving.
Prof. Victor G. Kee and brother, William Kee, are spending the week at Sturgis.
John Ray and family, of Fredonia, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ray this week.
Barber shop! At back end of hall in Pierce building on Salem street.
METZ & SEDBERRY.
Miss Ida Bebout, of Sheridan, was a guest of Miss Mary Cameron Sunday and Monday.
W. B. Mills and wife, of Paducah, were registered at the New Marion Hotel Monday.
Misses Daisy and Atta Copher left Tuesday afternoon for Uniontown to attend the Union county fair.
Just received, the largest shipment of wall paper ever in Marion, 36 designs, prices from 5c to 25c per roll. 5-4t
NUNN & TUCKER.
Byrde Guess and Ira Pierce, after attending the Hopkins county fair at Madisonville, returned home Saturday evening.
Miss Ella McNeely, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Menser, at Dawson Springs, returned home Tuesday.
G. Gorth Hearn from Salem and R. Dresher and wife of the Crittenden Springs registered at the New Marion Tuesday.
I have an excellent lead and zinc property to lease about one mile from Mexico Station, Crittenden county.
3-3x
JAMES KING.
N. W. Paris, of the Government Weather Bureau, Louisville, Ky., was a guest of relatives here the first of the week.

Richard J. Morris, Dentist.
Watermelons on ice at Sutherland's.
Herbert Myers, of Tolu, was in town Monday.
Don't forget the duck hats at Denman and Love's.
We keep watermelons in cold storage all the time. SUTHERLAND.
A \$50 dollar buggy for \$45 at Hina-Babb Company's.
Judge Book Gardner, of Mayfield, was here Sunday.
Rev. Virgil Elgin was in the city the first of the week.
A. J. Chittenden was in Dycusburg the first of the week.
Call on WOODS & ORME for school books and school supplies.
Only first-class, up-to-date job printing done at the RECORD office.
Harry Watkins attended the fair at Uniontown the last of the week.
William Barnett and wife, of Tolu, were in town shopping Tuesday.
Norman Henry attended the Union county fair the last of the week.
Have your stationery, bills and circulars printed at the RECORD office.
J. W. Custard and Master Everett, of Fredonia, were in town Tuesday.
Miss Lilye Cook, of Paducah, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Thomas Clifton.
The Murphy mellons on ice in cold storage at any time.
JNO. SUTHERLAND.
Miss Vera Wreelin, of Evansville, is the guest of Miss Susie Boston this week.
Albert Travis and wife left Wednesday for Blackford to visit friends and relatives.
Calling cards, invitations and announcements printed on short notice at the RECORD office.
Miss Ida Bebout, of Paducah, is in the city and spending a few days at Crittenden Springs.
Miss Neal Cassitt returned home Monday from Salem, where she spent a few days with friends.
Mrs. Fannie Bugg, of Fredonia, was the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Henry Sunday.
Richey Pickens, of McLeansboro, Ill., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Eickens this week.
Try a gallon of my home grown sorghum. My word for it, you will not regret it. J. FRANK CONGER.
Mrs. Eva Moore was called to Providence this week on account of the illness of her father.
Just received, the largest shipment of wall paper ever in Marion, 36 designs, prices from 5c to 25c per roll. 5-4t
NUNN & TUCKER.
Chickens, chickens, chickens. We want chickens and will pay the best market price for all kinds of poultry. YATES & McCASLIN.
B. A. Rodgers, of Henderson, was in town Saturday en route to Crittenden Springs where he spent Sunday with his family.
Mr. William Barnett, wife and two daughters, Misses Katie and Esther, of Tolu, are spending the week at Crittenden Springs.
Lost—Black silk umbrella, curved handle with bird on the end, left in depot. Finder will please return to MRS. LON T. JOHNSON.
C. W. Lamb, of Fernwood Miss., is here visiting his father Jno. Wesley Lamb. He will likely remain here until the yellow fever scare subsides in the south.
Charley Wheeler arrived Saturday from Nashville to visit his father Henry Wheeler. He is in the employ of the Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph company.

F. W. Nunn, dentist.
Miss Bertha Moore went to Repton Monday.
Emmett Koltinsky spent Sunday in Sturgis.
F. W. Nunn, dentist, at Stewart's gallery.
School books and school supplies. WOODS & ORME.
Mrs. Harriet Dunaky of Levis is visiting Mrs. Felix Cox this week.
Mrs. Nannie Cotten arrived today and is the guest of her niece, Mrs. J. P. Pierce this week.
Have your calling cards printed at the RECORD office. Newest and latest styles of type faces.
Mrs. Frank Doss and son, Eugene, of Henderson, arrived Saturday evening to visit relatives.
Hina-Babb Company's is the place to buy your buggies and surries cheap. A good surry for \$52.50.
A full line of school books and school supplies will be kept on hand at Haynes & Taylor's drug store.
Miss Fort, of Cadiz, who has been visiting Misses Irabelle and Willie Carliss, returned home Monday.
Mrs. Elder J. W. Flynn, of Greenview, Ill., is the guest of her mother Mrs. J. P. Pierce this week.
County Clerk J. T. Skinner, of Dixon, Webster county, was registered at the New Marion hotel Monday.
Will sell tickets to Paducah and return, August 8, for \$1.25, Emancipation Day. Lon Johnson, Agt.
Mrs. Geo. Williams and children were guests of Hugh Curry and family at Blackford the first of the week.
Miss Mayme Hubbard, who attended Hopkins county fair at Madisonville, returned home Wednesday at noon.
Miss Mattie Henry left Tuesday at noon for Seven Hills Chautauqua where she will spend the week.
Miss Florence Harris, of Corydon, arrived in the city yesterday and is the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. W. Nunn.
Just received, the largest shipment of wall paper ever in Marion, 36 designs, prices from 5c to 25c per roll. 5-4t
NUNN & TUCKER.
Miss Blanche Haase will leave in a few days for St. Paul where she goes to visit her brother and to attend a house party.
G. S. Henry and L. J. Houland, of Chicago, were in this vicinity this week selling local druggists Bucklen's famous remedies.
The Rev. J. F. Price is at Ashland, Webster county, holding a protracted meeting. The services are growing in interest from day to day.
We have just received a big supply of the famous "Whitehall" Portland cement, the kind that is recommended for all kinds of permanent concrete work.
HINA-BABB CO.
Mrs. J. D. Hardwick and son, Carter, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. A. P. Taylor, returned to their home in Charleston, Mo., this week.
John Parkman and Bunk Gardner, of Mayfield, were here this week. We understand they are interested in the Clay mines with Harry Watkins.
The flavor is half the battle. The purity is the other half. My sorghum is pure and has a flavor that is delicious. J. FRANK CONGER.
John Sutherland left Tuesday for the north where he will join the Pumpkin-Huskers company which is playing a rural drama. It is reported that he is to receive \$25 per week. He was on the stage last season and played the role of "Jefferson, the negro".
Miss Sue Robinson, of Morganfield, who was the popular guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Dresher at Crittenden Springs, returned home Tuesday afternoon.

C. S. Knight, T. C. Hasse, Lon Johnson, Johnson Crider, Wm. Clifton, Sam Gugenheim, F. E. Robertson, J. H. Orme and son, George, attended the Union county fair Thursday.

Mrs. John Tonkin and little daughter, Marjorie, left Wednesday for Atlantic City. They will be gone until early fall and before returning will visit Philadelphia and Mikesboro, Pa., Mrs. Tonkin's former home. Mr. Tonkin expects to join them later.

Several young couples went to Elizabethtown, Ill., Sunday, but it is reported that only one couple met with success over there, although another succeeded in securing necessary papers here after the endorsement of guardians and parents was secured.

Little Paul Elden Hunt.

Paul Elden Hunt, the little three months old baby of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hunt, died Monday morning at 3:30 o'clock at their home about 3 miles east of Marion.

Whooping cough and malarial fever caused the little one's death.

Funeral services were held at Pleasant Hill church Tuesday at 11 o'clock, conducted by Rev. J. R. Clark, grandfather of the child.

Good, Round Dinner.

Next Monday the ladies of the city will serve a splendid dinner, the proceeds of which will go to improve the driveway to the new cemetery. The dinner will be given in the new hardware store building which is soon to be occupied by Cochran & Pickens, situated in front of the New Marion hotel. Everything delectable will be served and everyone will get their money's worth, besides the proceeds will go for a good cause. Every body should go and get a good round dinner for 25 cents.

Ohio River Association.

The Ohio River Association of Baptists will meet with Blooming Grove church, Livingston county, August 23, at 10 o'clock. Eld. J. S. Henry, of Marion, will preach the introductory sermon. Distinguished ministers and educators are expected to visit us. Standing committees on the various objects fostered by the denomination, will report.

W. R. GIBBS, Modr.
R. A. LARUE, Clerk.

Lost.

Strayed away on or about the 15th of April, one red steer calf weighing about 600 pounds at the time and one heifer calf weighing about 400 or 500 pounds at the time. Have not been seen or heard from since. Will pay reward for their return or for information as to their whereabouts.
J. W. GIVENS, Marion Ky.

A call.

The Populists of Crittenden county are called to meet at Marion next Monday, county court day. The "Old Guard" are especially requested to attend the conference.
W. H. BROWN, Ch'm.

For Sale or Exchange.

The business and contents of a 23-room hotel, with bar and fixtures. Hotel doing a good business in Henderson, with four years' lease yet to run. Owner will sell or exchange for timber lands. Address HOTEL, Care RECORD, Marion, Ky.

We ask you when you are interested to see our line of men's pants and get our prices before you buy.
C. B. LOYD, Fredonia, Ky.

Metz & Sedberry's barber shop, now in the Pierce building, up stairs, last door, will soon remove to the new building opposite the post-office building.

CAMP MEETING AT

PINEY POSTPONED

Writer of Following Thinks Evil One
Must Have Had It Done.

Dear Christian Friends:—

I think you have committed the worst thing for Piney Fork church you ever did. Oh, how bad I do feel when I hear sinners around me lament about not having a camp meeting! Who knows but that some poor sinner may have been saved.

Christian friends, did you ever know of a camp meeting but that some soul was saved? I do not. It is said that one soul saved is worth ten thousand such worlds as this. Does not that pay for all our trouble? I should think it right to give them a chance to turn from their sins. If you give them the chance, then, you are not responsible for their evil doing.

I fear some of you are looking too much to the evil part and not to the Lord enough who doeth all things right if you will only trust him.

I believe we would have had the best meeting we have ever had, if you had sanctioned the meeting, my christian friends. So many peoples' feelings are hurt at the way you did for they think you did a great wrong to our church. I believe every body ought to know something about it for I do not think it right to give up so much to the evil one as that is just as good a thing as he wants.

I hear so many say they don't forget us in the pay part and why not remember us in other things as well. Some say it will ruin the church if it runs that way. May God forbid it and help the people to do right and to work right in the church and to pray with the right spirit, then the Lord will help.

I hear some say if there is a camp-meeting they will leave the church. Dear friends, I do not know whether to call you a christian or not. I do not think a true hearted christian would leave the church through malice. My friend, look before you leap. Who, do think, would take pour place? I fear, the devil would if you leave with an evil motive in your heart. That is not the way the Lord would have you do. Never give up your church that way. Stick to it and pray for it earnestly and after a while it will come out all right.

Too much talking is going on, I fear, and not enough praying. Try the praying part and see if you do not feel better over it.

How bad I do feel when I am asked about the camp meeting at Piney Fork to tell them there will not be any. It grieves me to think we have to give it up—our annual camp meeting at old Piney Fork where we have had them for almost a hundred years. Is it not a shame for the community to give up the evil one in such a way? I say for you to go on and do your part and you will have a clear conscience.

How would you feel at the judgment if some poor soul should come to you and say if you had had a meeting at old Piney where so much good was done, I might have been saved, how would you feel?

I feel that we should have some sort of meeting at old Piney Fork—the mother church of so many churches who are doing so much good. I say to water the old plant that the branches may still prosper.

A CHRISTIAN.

To Paducah and Return.

I will sell tickets to Paducah and return for \$2.40 as follows:

August 5 and 6 limited to 7 to return.	
" 13 " 14 " 15 " "	
" 20 " 21 " 22 " "	
" 23 " 24 " 25 " "	
" 26 " 27 " 28 " "	
Low T. JOHNSON, Ag't.	

Deeds Recorded.

John T. Butler and wife lease to the Albany Mining and investment Company, consideration \$200, 58 acres in Union precinct, on Claylick creek.

S. H. Cassidy etc., to J. E. McKenney, consideration \$700, 187 acres of land on Claylick and Axley creeks, Crittenden county.

S. C. Dempsey and wife to Lula T. Reece, consideration \$50, 41 acres on Tradewater river in Crittenden county.

J. D. Asher and wife, to Lula T. Reece, consideration \$100, all coal, coal oil and other minerals on a tract of land on Tradewater river, in Crittenden county.

George Burger, sale bill to Ayer-Lord Tie Company, consideration \$125, all red oak timber on 50 acres of land in Crittenden county.

W. B. Wilborn, sale bill to Ayer-Lord Tie Company, consideration \$900, all timber of any kind on 110 acres of land on Piney creek.

R. E. Flanary, sale bill to Ayer-Lord Tie Company, consideration \$1,200, all timber on 150 acres of land on Hurricane creek.

Mrs. R. A. Lynch and husband to Margaret Richards, etc., consideration \$150, land in Crittenden county known as Bell's Mines and Heath Mountain coal lands.

J. C. Lindsey and wife to R. M. Belt, consideration \$325, two tracts of land on Hurricane creek in Crittenden county.

James H. Orme and wife to J. A. Stegar, consideration \$92, a small piece of land known as the Haynes drug store lot, and one known as Vanhooser or bowling alley lot.

Levi Cook and wife to Charles K. Lewis, exchange of land between two parties.

C. K. Lewis and wife to Levi Cook, exchange of land.

J. B. Kevil and wife and A. W. Wilson and wife to G. C. Wathen, consideration \$20, cemetery lot.

David C. Porter to C. E. Weldon, consideration \$1,100, parcel of land on Ford's Ferry road in Marion, Ky.

W. S. Kemp, Jr., to R. S. Kemp, consideration \$400, entire undivided interest in father's estate.

W. R. Spence to E. L. Spence, consideration \$700, tract of 100 acres on Piney Creek in Crittenden county.

C. E. Weldon and wife to S. C. Beard, consideration \$100, one lot in Blackborn-Weldon addition to Marion.

Duval-McConnell.

Miss Lillie Duval and Mr. Howard McConnell surprised their many friends and acquaintances by eloping to Elizabethtown, Ill., Sunday afternoon where they quietly assumed the ties of matrimony at 2:30 o'clock.

The bride is the pretty and accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Duval. Mr. Duval is a prominent business man and is well known. At present he is in Kansas looking after his interest out there. The groom is the popular young Western Union Telegraph operator on the local exchange of the Paducah Commission Co. He is the son of the Rev. R. T. McConnell, pastor of the M. E. church at Tolu Ky. Mr. and Mrs. McConnell are followed by the congratulations of their host of friends and the RECORD joins also in wishing them a long life and much happiness.

Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple returned to the bride's home where they will reside for the present.

Estrayed.

On or about the second Tuesday in April, a red heifer and a red steer, no marks, strayed from my farm near Marion. Any information will be appreciated.
J. W. GIVENS.

Richard J. Morris, Dentist.

NOTICE!

TO THE TAXPAYERS OF CRITTENDEN COUNTY:

I, or one of my deputies, will be at Frances, Dycusburg precinct, Wednesday, August 23.

Levias, Union precinct, Thursday, August 24.

Sheridan, Hurricane precinct, Friday, August 25.

Iron Hill, Piney precinct, Tuesday, August 29.

Bakers, Bells Mines precinct, Wednesday, August 30.

Weston, Ford's Ferry precinct, Thursday, August 31.

All who desire to avail themselves of this opportunity to pay their taxes without coming to town, will meet us at these places on these dates.

At the office at Marion at all reasonable hours.

Yours truly,
JAS. W. LAMB, S. C. C.

EXCHANGE YOUR BOOKS!

Haynes & Taylor's Drugstore is the appointed place to

Exchange Old for New Books.

The law requires that the new Books shall be used in all Public Schools. This store carries the Largest Stock of

BOOKS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES

In Crittenden county, and you can do no better than to go to them for everything in the school line. Don't forget your Drugs, Medicines, Etc

HAYNES & TAYLOR

At Nunn & Tucker's Furniture Store.

Fairbank's Scales

THE MINERS STANDARD!

Gas and Gasoline Engines

Portable, Stationary, Marine. Hoisting Engines, Air Compressors, Combined Engines and Pumps, Water and Electric Lighting Plants, Steam Pumps and Boilers.

Fairbanks, Morse & Co.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

H. K. WOODS

JAS. H. ORME

Woods & Orme
DRUGGISTS

Our Drug Store is Now in a Tent!

We are ready to fill all orders. We have a full line of FRESH DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.

Telephone No. 4, or bring your prescriptions and have them filled. Two Registered Pharmacists.

Bank Street

Marion, Ky.

The Record only \$1.00

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 13.

Text of the Lesson, II Chron. xxxiv, 14-28—Memory Verse, 21—Golden Text, Ps. cxix, 16—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1905, by American Press Association.]

The money gathered to repair the house of the Lord recalls the method adopted to obtain money in the days of King Jehoshaphat and the priest Jehoiada—a chest beside the altar, with a hole in the lid of it, and it worked splendidly and brought in much money. I doubt not but that a proper appreciation of the altar (the cross of Christ) today would bring an abundance for the Lord's house. I have seen a box with a hole in the lid to receive thank offerings from grateful hearts to help give the gospel to the heathen and thus aid in completing the house—the church—accomplish great things. But I have seen a similar box placed to receive offerings for other purposes accomplish next to nothing. Each of these boxes was in a church, but the altar and the object made all the difference. When the love of Christ constrains there is no lack.

When any one does the best he knows for God, as Josiah was evidently doing, God will find a way to reveal Himself more fully to such a one, and in this case He caused the priest Hilkiah to find the book of the law, which some think was the original book of which we read in Deut. xxxi, 24-26. The priest gave the book to the scribe, who read it and then took it to the king and read it to him, with the result that the king when he heard it rent his clothes in token of his acceptance of and submission to the message and his grief that the law had been so set at naught.

The king at once sends for further light to one who is qualified to explain the law more fully, and Huldah, the prophetess, who dwelt in Jerusalem, is consulted (verse 22). Jeremiah had at this time been a prophet about five years (compare verse 8 and Jer. i, 1, 2), and why he was not consulted I do not know unless it happened that he was at his home in Anathoth and Huldah was right there in Jerusalem and the matter required immediate light. There were doubtless many men of influence and importance in Jerusalem, but some one has said that a woman knowing God's will is far superior to a man who doesn't.

Josiah had heard the curses of Deut. xxviii, 15-20; xxx, 17, 18, etc., and knew that the wrath of God was hanging over them because of the sins of the nation and now earnestly desired deliverance for himself and his people if such could be obtained. The word of God is very plain concerning every unbeliever that the wrath of God is upon him (John iii, 18, 36; Gal. iii, 10; Jas. ii, 10), but how few seem to believe it or tremble at the word of God as King Josiah did. Yet only with such as tremble at His word does God dwell (Isa. lvii, 15; lvi, 2, 5). A good practical word for many today is found in Job xxxvi, 18, "Because there is wrath beware lest He take thee away with His stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee."

The prophetess has no answer from herself, as many seem now to have, but she has a "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel" (verses 23, 24), the New Testament equivalent of which is, "Verily I say unto you." Happy indeed are all who receive such messages meekly and proceed promptly to give heed to them. God said to Moses concerning Christ, "I will put my words in His mouth, and He shall speak unto them all that I shall command Him" (Deut. xviii, 18). He said the same thing to Jeremiah concerning Himself in Jer. i, 9, and believers now can trust Him to fulfill to them His word to Moses, "Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth and teach thee what thou shalt say" (Ex. iv, 12), provided that they have His message in them.

The Lord's message as given in the rest of the lesson had no comfort for the persistently rebellious; it never has. But there was much comfort for Josiah and for all who would turn to the Lord with him, and therefore Josiah sought to turn the people to God that they might escape the impending judgments, and many did turn to the Lord with him, as we read in verses 31, 32. God's aim is always to bring men to repentance that they may not perish (II Pet. iii, 9), and this is seen in the last awful judgments of the great tribulation, where we read again and again that they repented not (Rev. ix, 20, 21; xvi, 9, 11).

Josiah in that same year kept the greatest passover that had been kept since the days of Samuel (xxxv, 18, 19), but the revival was only temporary. The hearts of the people were away from God, and the time came when even such men as Moses and Samuel or Noah, Daniel and Job could not deliver the nation by their righteousness or their intercession (Jer. xv, 1; Ezek. xiv, 14). Consider in Job xxxiii, 14-30, how God labors to deliver man from the pit, and let us be encouraged to persevere by John vi, 37. Then when we have lovingly and patiently done all, if men will not repent, we have delivered our own souls (Ezek. xxxiii, 9).

The manner of Josiah's death (xxxv, 22, 24) has in it something very suggestive and searching. It was the will of God that he should die peacefully when his time came, but by his willingness he fell in battle. See verse 28 and chapter xxxv, 22-24. By disobedience and self will we bring many things upon ourselves which by obedience and denial of self we might have escaped. It is probable that Paul might have saved himself much suffering at Jerusalem if he had been as obedient to the heavenly vision at the close as at the beginning of his ministry.

Six Sales Already Consummated!



SIX SALES HAVE ALREADY BEEN CONSUMMATED FOR lots in the Conway-Stone subdivision, and for the next few days only, a special bargain of only \$700. will be asked for six of the choicest lots in the subdivision.

This offer will be with drawn before you are aware. Call today and investigate this proposition. In the absence of T. A. Conway, the editor of this paper will be authorized to make you the proposition.

Examine the plot below. Section number 1 and lots numbering 4, section 8, 5 and 6, section 2, have already been sold. The new proposed railroad will touch this division.



These lots are especially suitable for persons desiring to build and own their own homes, besides they represent the most valuable investment in real estate. Whether you want to build or not, our terms will be reasonable and to suit purchaser.

Call or write to

W. J. STONE

Kuttawa, Ky.

T. A. CONWAY

Marion, Ky.

L. O. SCHAEFER, T. P. A.
Cotton Belt Route, Cincinnati, O.

LOCAL NEWS

The Continued Story of Current Events

Carrsville.

Ted Hunter and Miss Florence Cain were married by Rev. J. O. Smithson at his residence last Wednesday.

Thomas J. Faulkner, of Good Hope, was here Sunday.

Miss Florence Senour and mother, of Joy, were in town last week.

Arthur Hawkins and wife, of Duley's Bluff, visited F. M. Boyd and family Sunday.

We saw Prof. R. F. Babb and wife, of Salem, and James Bryan, of Lola, on our streets last Friday.

Miss Fannie Rutter visited her brothers, Harry and Jesse, of Hardin, for the last week.

Ross Rutter is at home again.

Yancy Rice, of Lola, was here Saturday.

We were more than sorry to hear of the death of Mr. McAmis, of Tolu.

Mrs. Nona Davis and Aunt Lucy Dodge are going to Dawson this week.

Will Coram and family visited Mrs. Hardin Sunday.

Thomas Markey, of Bayou, was here last Friday.

James Rabb, Mrs. Nancy Dixon and Opal Wright are on the sick list.

Prof. C. C. Howard and family, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Gwarty for some time, will return to Memphis this week.

Miss Annie Faulkner, of Berry Ferry, was here last week.

There will be a show here Monday night.

John Travis went to Smithland last Tuesday.

M. C. Wright, after a two week's visit to friends and relatives at Hazelton, Kas., returned home last Wednesday.

Several of our people attended the barbecue at Joy Saturday.

Mrs. C. E. Barnes is having a kitchen built to her home.

Polk McCandless and wife, of Bayou, were here Saturday.

Miss Mamie Yates is visiting friends in Marion.

Mrs. Sue Morris, of Lola, visited Mrs. Lizzie Manhart, the past week.

P. C. Wayland and Will Shouse and son, Conn, were here Saturday.

Joy Echoes.

Wm. Kiebler is now a citizen of Joy.

Lee E. Skelton is at Marion buying produce.

Fred Bishop has been appointed postmaster for Joy.

L. Bishop returned from Nashville Friday evening.

Judge Evans attended the barbecue here last Saturday.

Lawrence Bishop went to Nashville, Tenn. last week.

Jess Hurley has gone to Illinois for an indefinite stay.

George Harmon is preparing to move to Florida.

Roy Bennett has gone to Mantle Rock for his health.

Tom Smock is building a residence for Frank Lay, near Bayou.

Kiebler & Myrick's threshing machine was in this neighborhood last week.

Several of our citizens attended the Republican convention at Smithland.

Lawrence Bishop has rented the hotel at Hampton, Dr. Casper and D. E. Smith have stands and Wm. Dalton will have charge of the livery stable and Joy will be well represented at the camp meeting.

W. D. Bishop, the nominee of the recent Republican convention for sheriff, was here Saturday.

H. O. Trimble and wife and Mr. and Mrs. Nim Shouse returned Tuesday from East Prairie, Mo., where they have been attending camp meeting.

It has become quite fashionable among our citizens to take their families and spend Sunday sight-seeing at the Fairview mines.

Elect me this time and I'll not ask for the judge's office any more. —Thos. Evans four years ago to the voters.

Politics not only makes queer bed-fellows but develops wonderful liars. —Woman's Magazine.

It is a Japanese proverb that a man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, then the next drink takes the man.

Faults of the head are punished in this world; those of the heart in another.

A newspaper asked the following question and offered a prize for the best answer: "Why is a newspaper?"

like a woman?" An Oklahoma lady sent in the following answer and was awarded the prize: "Because every man should have one of his own and not run after his neighbor's."

A man who was too economical to subscribe for his home paper sent his little boy to borrow the copy taken by his neighbor. In his haste the boy ran over a \$4 stand of bees and in ten minutes looked like a warty summer squash. His cries reached his father, who ran to his assistance, and, failing to notice a barbed wire fence, ran to it, breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy and ruining a \$5 pair of pants. The old cow took advantage of the gap in the fence and got into the cornfield and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket the wife ran, upset a four gallon churn of rich cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole flock. In her hurry she dropped a \$25 set of false teeth. The baby, left alone, crawled through the spilled cream and into the parlor, ruining a \$30 carpet. During the excitement the oldest daughter ran away with the hired man, the dog broke up 11 setting hens and the calves got out and chewed the tails off four fine shirts. —Kansas City Journal.

Lola.

Cam Hardin has a very sick child.

Yulee Radcliffe went to Carrsville last Monday.

Sheriff Bush was here last Friday collecting taxes.

J. P. Williams is visiting relatives and friends in Ballard county.

Thos. Howe and family, of Rosiclare, Ill., visited Mrs. Sarah Brown last week.

The Marion Zinc Company is hauling and erecting machinery at the Mann mines.

W. Champion has returned from Southeast Missouri where he has been on business.

Rev. J. J. Franks filled his regular appointment at the church here last Saturday and Sunday.

Judge Thomas Evans was here last Friday night talking to the boys and telling them why he should be judge again.

Berry F. James and son, Marvin, passed through last Saturday morning enroute to Golconda after Will Hall and wife, who reside at Coulterville, Ill.

Messrs. Kiebler and Myrick were in our neighborhood last week with their threshing machine and threshed what little grain was here.

W. F. Paris and W. M. Davis attended the convention at Smithland last week. Mr. Davis was nominated for coroner on the Republican ticket. We commend him to the voters of Livingston county as being an upright gentleman in every respect.

Rodney.

Miss Edith Davis, of this place, began her school at Weston morning.

Earl Rankin, of Weston, visited at L. B. Cain's Sunday.

Gus Brantley made a trip to Paducah last week.

Louis Newcomb went to Marion Saturday.

Tom Scott returned to Missouri a few days ago.

Misses Clara and Addie Nunn visited in Blackford last week.

On returning from Sturgis one day last week, W. H. Tudor had a very exciting experience. While crossing Tradewater at the mouth of Cypress creek, his horse became frightened and began kicking indiscriminately. The buggy came very near being demolished. Mr. Tudor was unharmed.

Will Lamb, of Tribune, was here Saturday.

There will be a barbecue at Weston next Saturday.

Claude W. Lamb, of Fernwood, Miss., will visit his old home near here in a few days.

Miss Verna Davis spent several days in Weston last week.

The protracted meeting at Baker will commence Monday night, October 9. It will be conducted by Revs. Hughes and Vaughn.

John Hicklin, of Marion, spent last week here.

Aunt Ellen Lamb, who has been quite sick, is better.

Elmer Burton, of Weston, was here Monday.

Miss Nell Nunn will attend the coming term of the Marion school.

Mrs. Eliza Newcomb, wife of Hull Newcomb, died Thursday night of fever. She was a good woman and will be greatly missed by all.

Aunt Maria Markey, our noted clairvoyant, died last week. This remark-

Modern Concrete Stone Structures.



Apartment house, Price Hill, Cincinnati, built of Winget concrete stone, octagon fronts.



Odd Fellows' Hall, Seigfried, Pa.



Residence of Mr. S. S. McDowell, Columbus, Ohio. Alternate wide and narrow Winget concrete stones.

CONCRETE STONE BUILDING MATERIAL

Is Found by Scientists to Be Both Strong and Durable.

In order to satisfy an inquiring public as to the relative strength of concrete stone blocks, of which the new RECORD building is being constructed, the following data is published:

Having had access to the complete reports of the Department of Engineering of the Ohio State University, the results of investigation by the Ohio state geologist, as well as the tests made by the government war department, the reliability of all of which is beyond question, the Winget Concrete Machine Company, of Columbus, Ohio, have been able to get the following information:

"First, in reference to the crushing strength of concrete, we found it necessary to deduct our information to apply to the crushing strength of blocks from tests secured on 4-inch and 12-inch concrete cubes as no testing machine has been available with sufficient power to crush a 10x10x10-inch concrete block. We find that concrete of a standard mixture of 1 to 4 ranges from 950 to 1,000 pounds per square inch at the age of thirty days, and to 5,230 pounds per square inch in two years and five months. Deducting from this, we

find a standard mixture of 1 of cement to 5 of sand, commonly used in the manufacture of concrete blocks, to withstand a pressure of 3,486 pounds per square inch, or the enormous resistance 950,584 pounds—4754 tons—on the standard block 10x10x10 inches in area, deducting the usual 4x10-inch hollow wall openings. Of course the solid block would have a higher crushing strength in proportion to the increased area of material introduced.

"In comparison with this we are able to give you the crushing strength of other common building material. We find that the Kilbuck sandstone, largely used here, crushes at the pressure of 3,737 pounds per square inch; the Grafton sandstone at 4,826 pounds per square inch, while the limestones of this state crush between the points of 12,281 and 21,488. In comparison with these a 1 to 1 mixture of cement and sand crushes at 11,333 pounds per square inch, which, you will observe, practically reaches the strength of limestone, and is between two and three times that of the strength of sandstone.

"Granite varies in its test according to its structure, from 12,000 to 20,000 pounds per square inch. Common brick varies according to the degree of vitrification, from 4,430 pounds to 9,060 pounds per square inch. Pressed brick likewise varies from 3,480 pounds to 10,330 pounds per square inch, which in themselves, do not vary so very much from concrete in their compression tests.

Woody's residence.

Dick Head is on the sick list this week.

J. A. Crossley, of McCrone City, Miss., arrived here Saturday night. He contemplates making this his home for a short time.

Mrs. C. E. Nunn and Mrs. Rigg Stevens are on the sick list this week.

Crowell-Nunn Co. carry a complete line of furniture, stoves, mattresses, etc., Their prices are the lowest.

The town board met Monday and granted the Telephone franchise to the Cumberland Co.

Mrs. Barker has returned from an extended visit at Smithland.

Crowell-Nunn Co. are sole agents for the Madisonville wagon.

J. D. Blackwell and wife of Herin visited daughter, Mrs. J. B. Hanna Sunday.

Miss Jennie Dyer, of Henshaw, is visiting Charley McGregory and wife this week.

Mrs. R. F. Walker, of Wheatcroft passed through here Tuesday on his way to Piney Fork to visit his brother Nevet Walker who is very low with Typhoid fever.

Miss Mayme Hubbard of Marion is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. C. Carnahan, this week.

Coleman Haynes, of Paducah, is spending a few days with relatives in Blackford this week.

Allen Martin, R. M. Vaughn and J. J. Curry went to Paducah Tuesday.

It will pay you to see Crowell-Nunn Co. before buying Bale Ties.

Horses for Sale.

Sorrel mare, twelve years old, gentle and splendid family horse, safe for woman and children to handle. Also a bay horse, sixteen hands high, eleven years old, no blemish and a good buggy horse. Will work anywhere. One or both can be bought cheap for cash. For further information call on or address

W. B. ENOCH, Marion, Ky.

Notice.

The friends of the dead of the Repton grave yard are invited to be present at the grave yard Thursday, August 17, with tools sufficient to clean it off.

Dinner will be served on the ground at usual hour and religious services will be held in the afternoon.

P. C. STEPHENS, Mgr.

SEVERAL NEW CITY ORDINANCES PASSED

Last Tuesday Night by the City Council.

The City Council met in regular session Tuesday night. Aside from the transaction of the regular routine of business, the city marshal was ordered to grade the Finley hill on North Main street to correspond with the grading done on the Smart property, and the following ordinances were passed:

City Ordinance.

The city council of the city of Marion, Ky., do ordain as follows:

That sidewalks be built on the east side of Maxwell street abutting the property of Mrs. Nellie Dollins, J. Wesley Lamb, Mrs. Fannie Jennings and Mrs. B. Paris. Said walks to begin at the north end (or side) of said lots and extend south as far as said lots extend.

Said walks are to be three feet wide and built of oak planks two inches thick laid on 4x4 pieces four feet apart, the whole to be done in a good and workman-like manner. Said walks are to be completed within sixty days after the passage and publication of this ordinance, and if said walks are not completed within said period of sixty days, the city marshal will advertise for sealed bids to complete said walks as required by this ordinance and let the contract to have said walks built to the lowest bidder, and the expense of putting down said walks, if done under contract with the marshal as herein provided, shall become a lien upon said property as provided by the charter of said city in such case made and provided.

Passed and approved August 8, 1905. J. W. BLUE, JR., Mayor. J. C. BOURLAND, City Clerk.

City Ordinance.

The city council of the city of Marion, Kentucky, do ordain as follows:

That section 2, of Ordinance 9 of the ordinances of the city of Marion, Kentucky, be amended as follows, viz: By striking out the word 15th, in time of said section, and inserting in lieu thereof the word 1st, so that said section when amended will read as follows, viz:

Sec. 2. Property subject to city tax shall be assessed for taxation on the first of September of each year and between that and the 15th of November of each year, the assessor shall make

out a true list of all taxable property within the city, or subject to city taxation, which list shall describe the property and give its value.

Passed and approved August 8, 1905. J. W. BLUE, JR., Mayor. J. C. BOURLAND, City Clerk.

City Ordinance.

The City Council of the City of Marion Kentucky, do ordain as follows:

That Section 4, of Ordinance 8, Article 1, of the ordinances of the city of Marion, Kentucky, be amended as follows, viz: By striking out the word 15th, in line two of said section, and inserting in lieu thereof the word 1st, so that said section, when so amended, will read as follows, viz:

Sec. 4. The owner of the legal title, the holder of the equitable title, or any claimant or bailee in possession of the property on the 1st of September of the year for which the assessment is made, is liable to the city for the taxes thereon, but as between themselves, it shall be the duty of the holder of the equitable title to list the property and pay the taxes thereon, whether the property be in possession or not at the time of payment.

Passed and approved August 8, 1905. J. W. BLUE, JR., Mayor. J. C. BOURLAND, City Clerk.

City Ordinance.

The city council of the city of Marion, Ky., do ordain as follows:

That sidewalks be built on the north side of Travis street and the east side of Fritt's lane abutting the property of A. W. Finley, M. W. Thurman, Sherman Wheeler, Haywood Threlkeld, colored Cumberland Presbyterian church, Frank McCage, Barbara McCage, Frank Jackson and Levi Cook, said walks to begin where Court street intersects Travis street and extend west as far as Fritt's lane, thence north to the south corner of the colored school lot.

Said walks are to be three feet wide and built of oak planks two inches thick laid on 4x4 pieces four feet apart, the whole to be done in a good and workman-like manner. Said walks are to be completed within sixty days after the passage and publication of this ordinance, and if said walks are not completed within said period of sixty days, the city marshal will advertise for sealed bids to complete said walks as required by this ordinance and let the contract to have said walks built to the lowest bidder, and the expense of putting down said walks, if done under contract with the marshal as herein provided, shall become a lien upon said property as provided by the charter of said city in such case made and provided.

Passed and approved, August 8, 1905. J. W. BLUE, JR., Mayor. J. C. BOURLAND, City Clerk.